Kirschbaum Oothes

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

THE POACHERS. E morning as he topped the rise between the sawmill and his own station Cavanagh heard two rifle shots in quick ccession snapping across the high eak on his left. Bringing his horse a stand, be unslung his fieldglasses id slowly and minutely swept the twny slopes of Sheep mountain, from hich the forbidden sounds seemed to

"A herder shooting coyotes," was his rst thought. Then, remembering that ere were no camps in that direction nd that a flock of mountain sheep (which he had been guarding carefully) habitually fed round that grassy peak, his mind changed. "I wonder if those fellows are after those sheep, he mused as be angled down the slope. "I reckon it's up to me to see."

In less than three hours be was over on the trail in the canyon, quite certain that the hunters were still above him. He rode quietly up the valley. pausing often to listen and to scrutinize the landscape, but no sign of campfire and no further rifle shots came, and at last he went into camp upon the trail, resolved to wait till the poachers appeared, a ward which his experience as a soldier beiped him to maintain without nodding.

In these long hours his thought played about the remembrance of his last visit to the Fork and his hour with Lee. He wondered what she was doing at the moment. How charming she had looked there at Redfields'-so girlish in form, so serious and womanly of face!

He felt as never before the includible loneliness of the ranger's life. The guardians of these high places must forever be solitary. No ranger could rightfully be husband and father, for to bring women and children into these solitudes would be cruel.

He put all this aside-for the timeby remembering that he was a soldier under orders and that marriage was a long way off, and so smoked his pipe and waited for the dawn, persistent as a Sloux and as silent as a fox.

At daylight, there being still no sign of his quarry, he saddled his horse and was about to ride up the trail when he caught the sound of voices and the sharp click of iron hoofs on the rocks above him. With his horse's bridle in his arm he awaited the approaching horsemen, resolute and ready

As the marauders rounded the bow in the trail be was surprised to



MEN AWAITED THE APPROACHING HORSE-MEN, RESOLUTE AND READY TO ACT. recognize in the leader young Gregg. The other man was a stranger, an older man, with a grizzled beard, and tall

and stooping figure. "Hello, Joe!" called the ranger.

The youth's fat face remained imper-turbable, but his eyes betrayed uneasi-"Yes, it's a long pull into town."

"Heen hunting?" queried the ranger, till with cheery, polite interest.
"Ch. no; just visiting one of my p camps."

vanagh's voice was a little less "Not on this creek," he de-"I moved your herder last He walked forward. "That's heavy load for a short trip to a sep camp." He put his hand on the lek. "I guess you'll have to open the for I heard two shots yesterday norning up where that flock of mounain sheep is running, and, furtherpore, I can see blood stains on this addie blanket."

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cinch up. It's you to the neare magistrate, which happens to be His ley of Roaring Fork. I'll make an example of you fellows."

There was nothing for Gregg to say and nothing for Edwards to do but obey, for a resolute ranger with an excellent weapon of the latest and most approved angular pattern stood ready to enforce his command, and when the pack was recinched Cavanagh waved an imperative hand, "I guess I'll have to take charge of your guns," he said, and they yielded with-out a word of protest. "Now march! Take the left hand trail."

A couple of hours of stlent travel brought them to the ranger's cabin, and there he ordered a dismount.

As the coffee was boiling be lectured them briefly. "You fellows are not entirely to blame," he remarked philosophically. "You've been educated to think a game warden a joke and Uncle Sam a long way off. But things have changed a bit. The law of the state has made me game warden, and I'm going to show you how it works. It's my duty to see that you go down the road-and down you go!"

Edwards, the guide, was plainty very uneasy and made several attempts to reach Cavanagh's private ear and at last succeeded. "I've been fooled into this," he urged. "I was hard up and a stranger in the country. and this young fellow hired me guide him across the range. I didn't shoot a thing. I swear I didn't. If you'll let me off I'll hit the trail to west and never look back. Don't

take me down the road. Let me off:" "I can't do that," replied Cavanagh, but his tone was kindlier, for he perceived that the old fellow was thin, hollow chested and poorly clad. "You knew you were breaking the laws,

didn't you?" This the culprit admitted. "But I was working for Sam Gregg, and when Joe asked me to go show him the trail didn't expect to get cinched for killing game. I didn't fire a shot—now that's the trath."

"Nevertheless." retorted Ross, "you were packing the head, and I must

were packing the head, and I must count you in the game."

Edwards fell silent then, but something in his look deepened the ranger's pity. His eyes were large and dark, and his face so emaclated that be seemed fit only for a sanitarium.

The trip to the Fork (timed to the guit of a large pack horses was a tedious aight house march, and it was nearly to clock when they arrived at the out-hists of the village.

this character there was nothing specially noticeable in three horsemen driving a pack horse, but to those whose eyes were keen the true relationship of the ranger to his captives was instantly apparent, and when they alighted at Judge Higley's office a bunch of eager observers quickly col-

"Hello, Joe! What luck?" called Bal-"Our luck was a little too good-we

caught a game warden," replied the young scapegrace. The ranger was chagrined to find the

office of the justice closed for the day and, turning to his captives, said: "I'm hungry, and I've no doubt you are. I'm going to take you into Mike Halsey's saloon for supper, but remember you are my prisoners.

In fifteen minutes the town was rumbling with the news. Under Ballard's devilry all the latent batred of the ranger and all the concealed opposition to the forest service came to the surface like the scum on a pot of broth. The saloons and eating houses boiled with indignant protest. "What business is it of Ross Cavanagh's?" they demanded. "What call has he to interfere? He's not a game warden."

"Yes, he is. All these rangers are game wardens," corrected another. "No, they're not. They have to be commissioned by the governor."

"Well, he's been commissioned He's warden all right."

"I don't believe it. Anyhow, he's too fresh. He needs to have a halt. Let's do him. Let's bluff him out."

Lee Virginia was in the kitchen su perintending the service when one of the waiters came in breathless with excitement. "Ross Cavanagh has shot Joe Gregg for killing sheep!"

Lee faced ber with blanched face. Who told you so?" "They're all talking about it out there. Gee, but they're hot! Some of

em want to lynch him." Lee hurried out into the diaing room which was crowded with men and

voicing deep excitement.

A half dozon men were stan fore the counter talking with Line, but Lee pushed in to inquire with white, inquiring face: "What is it all about?

What has happened?"
"Nothing much," Lise replied contemptuously, "but you'd think a born

Lize hughed. "The sheep's ter-Oh, don't be soured! No one is to

The girl an hell with con hell a as the men roused over her blumber. "One I the give fold me Mr. Cavana to but killed a man," she explained. "Where

Lize beers of anney nee "They say ne's taking supper at Mike Halsey's, though who he didn't come here I den't see V. but's he going to do?" she asked. "Won't' the marshal take he men . If his hards?"

Not without warrant from Higley, and Higley is out of town Ross'll rave to hold on till Highey gets back or else take 'em over to Chauvenet.' lize snorted "Old Higley! Yes, he's een known to disappear before when here was some real work to be done." Lee went back to her own task with vague scare of alarm. "Certainly bey will n ! dere to interfere with an "cer in the discharge of his duties," she thought. She was eager to see 'ilm, and the thought that he might be obliged to "de away to Chauvenet without a word to her gave her a deepr feeling of annoyance and unrest. That he was in any real danger she

It was distenting to Cavanagh to ce how some of the most influential tiz as contrived to give encouragement to the riotous element of the town. A wink, a gesture, a carelesword to the proper mesechaer, east veyed to the autom rounders an agenunce of sympathy which inflamed the resentment to the murderous point was confessedly one of the worst cormunifiles in the state.

ould not believe.

"Let's run Cavanagh?" was the say cestion of several of Grego's friends The fact that the ranger was a coer pulselo ed a cer of the law and the the ram's head had been found on the poncher's pack made very little diference to these trresponsible instigators to assault. It was wonderfuhow highly that loading young rusen) Joe Gregg, was prized at the moment "his in our the that the sen of a lead ing citizen should be held up in the way by one of the forestry Cossarks declared one of the merchants.

The discussion which took place over the bars of the tewn was at the riot heat by 9 o'clock, and soon after to a crowd of howling, whooping bad loys and disreputable ranch hands were parading the walks, breathing out vile threats against the ranger.

Accustomed to men of this type, Cav anrah watch d them come and go : Halsey's bar with calculating eye "There will be no trouble for an hour or two, but meanwhile what is to be done? Higley is not to be found, and the town marshal is also 'out of town." To Halsey he said: "I am acting, as you know, under both federal and state authority, and I call upon you as a law abiding citizen to aid me in holding these men prisoners. I shall camp right here till morning or until the magistrate or the marshal relieves me of my culprits."

Halsey was himself a sportsman-s genuine lover of hunting and a fairly consistent upholder of the game laws; but, perceiving that the whole town had apparently fined up in opposition to the ranger, he lost courage. His consent was half hearted, and he edghis barroom, nervously seeking to be neutral-"to carry water on both shoul ders," as the phrase goes.

The talk grew less jocular as the drinks took effect, and Nelll Ballard. separating himself from the crowd. came forward, calling loudly: "Come out o' there. Joe! Come out and have a drink!"

His words conveyed less of battle than his tone. He was, in fact, urging a revolt, and Cavanagh knew it. Gregg rose as if to comply. The

ranger stopped him.
"Keep your seat," said he, and to Ballard be warningly remarked, "And you keep away from my prisoners."

"Do you own this saloon?" retorted the fellow truculently. "I reckon Halsey's customers have some rights, What are you doing here, anyway? This is no jail."

"Halsey has given me the privilege of holding my prisoners here till the justice is found. It isn't my fault that the town is without judge or jail." He was weakened by the knowledge that Haises had only half consented to ald justice, but his pride was roused. and he was determined upon carrying his arrest to its legitimate end. "I'm going to see that these men are punshed if I have to carry them to Sul phur City," he added.

"Smash the lights!" shouted some one at the back.

Here was the first real note of war, and Ross cried out sharply, "If a man lifts a hand toward the light I'll cut

There was a stealthy movement in the crowd, and, leaping upon the counter, a reckless cub reached for the lamp.

Cavanagh's revolver shattered the globe in the fellow's very paim. "Get down from there!" he commanded.

(To be c ntinued)



News County

FROM OUR EXCHANGES Society of the post of the pos

ARROW ROCK

The Gilpin house narrowly caped burning last Sunday. The flue burned out and caught the tinguished in a few minutes and but little damage was done .-The school board met last Satur ers for next year. There was no change made. Prof. Collins and ed school. The salaries of the ily punished.-Record, teachers we understand, was raise.l. Prof. Collins will receive \$30 and the assistant \$50 per month .-States nan.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought

MIAMI

Miss Beulah Earp returned to her home near Waverly Saturday after a week's visit with Miss Della Hisle .-- Chas. Kruger and George Adams of Malta Bend, have been on a trade this week fit. They were in town Tuesday but were unable to trade .-- A. M. D. Kerr's house .- Clobe. S. Taylor, Jr., is cutting some fine hedge posts on his farm, the old Hudson place, south of town. In the grove he is cutting are hedge trees 30 inches through. These trees have been growing for fifty or sixty years. He is cutting some of the posts ten feet long especially to make gate posts. It is doubtful if another such grove of hedge trees can be found in Saline county.-News.

SLATER

Cutting wheat in April is a new departure, yet P. M. Thomson informs us that he cut about four acres last week. It had grown to be too rank, and to prevent it fall received from the Agricultural De partment of Missouri. He says there is no use of the state paying the agricultural experts unless of the farmers take their advice.

BLACKBURN

Born to the wife of W. C. Meyer on Tuesday, April 25, 1911, a daugh ter.---Emil Brunkhorst went to Kansas City Sunday morning and returned Monday evening accompanied by his wife and baby. Mrs. Brunkhorst has been in a hospital in the city for a month having undergone an operation. We hope that she will enjoy good health now .-- Saturday night Elba roof on fire, but help arrived and Cable had a very narrow escape by quick work the fire was ex- from death. He was sitting in the depot taking care of the office while the regular operator, Clyde Burns, went up town for a minday afternoon and employed teach ute, when some miscreant threw a rock through the window, smash ing the glass, and just missing Miss Sadie Hogge were re-elected giba's head. We hope the guilty and also A. N. Bell for the color- party may be caught and summar-

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A little excitement was caused Wednesday evening about six o'clock, when one of A. W. Deis' horses, hitched to a light wagon, ran off, completely demolishing the wagon. It was driven by two small chaps, and the horse started to run west from McKinney & Cooper's corner. The wagon struck the scales at the livery barn, and remained there white the horse kept on going and was later caught on Capitol Hill. The boys were thrown out at the scales, but escaped serious injury. -George Fowler is moving his over the former's threshing out- family here from Pattons ure this week and will occupy one of

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